THE

NEW STAR.

A REPUBLICAN, MISCELLANEOUS, LITERARY PAPER.

BY RUSSEL & DAVIS, CONCORD, NEWH.

No. XXIII.—SEPT. 12, 1797.

Miscellany.

FOR THE *NEW STAR.*

Messrs. EDITORS,

I SAY, were it not that laughter is a principal grace, I would leave it to mbunder into disrepute, by its heavy strokes from the all-conquering hand of Chesterfield.—I do not stop here to enquire whether it be any breach of decorum to contradict so great, and prevalent an author, who is universally acknowledged to be the Foster father of the Graces, save by a few learned churls, who would have it that he was a nourisher as well as promulgator of *akatharsion*, in opposition to their particular tenets: But some of you are complaining of the author, and bitterly too, for his use of this new and uncouth word—Then before you proceed another line, turn to your dictionary. How many, in the course of their reading, pass over things, with as little attention either to the simple signification or distinctive sense of the words, as they would a well-wrought discourse from the pulpit. The drowsy attentive opens his eyes at the words *pure gold*, then loses his vigour for a period. It was a fine discourse;—but his wretched memory never served him the purpose it was designed for. One portion has exhorted to temperance, patience, charity, sobriety, &c. by the half-hour together, without a complaisant look. Inelequent man!—But his improvement dwells upon *sincere love*, and the very words are set home as a seal on the hearts of his fair hearers. Now since you have found the word, let us return. Rather as you have not found it, let me direct you, for once, to make a dictionary of your—Bible.—Do any of you recollect what a letter the Romans received from Paul?—In the first chapter of this same letter, is the word contained. Read the twenty fourth verse, and you are no longer in ignorance.

But as I before observed, without enquiring whether it be consistent with philosophic politeness, publicly to differ from an author who cannot leave writing billet-doux to Dido, that he may defend his principles, I proceed to recommend, and still further to inculcate an aptitude to laughter. For who with the reason of a man would grapple with the spleen three days and three nights, rather, perhaps so many weeks or months, merely with a view of mortifying his risi-

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ble faculties? Or who, when a merry blade has told his beſt anecdote, with an entire view to thwart the muſcles of his hearers, would ſullenly deny him the tribute of his merit? Or who, above all things, when his Reverence has uttered a pleaſantry, a drollery, or a ſatyr, in the divine auditory, would ſcruple to anſwer the ſmiling, and almoſt loud laughing eyes of ſenſibility's daughter? I ſee her this inſtant, even remote, and in my peaceful ſtudy, with nothing in ſenſible view, except a few old books, a NEW STAR, a Chronicle, a Crow, a family pitcher, and a Sir Iſaac's bubble glaſs. I ſee her—modeſtly avowing a ten per cent intereſt gained on the heart of her courteous obſerver, and her fan ſeems anxiouſly bent on veiling a word of delicacy—— But the looking glaſs—what ſays the looking glaſs to the ſame demanding ſmile? At four o'clock, what may be heard from that meſſenger of Venus? 'Tis not for me to ſay. Judge of this ye fair ones who know the language of mirrors.

Of all ſpecies of laughter, I have leaſt to ſay in favor of the great ſilent grin, but would by no means entirely condemn it as unbecoming in all caſes. If any of my readers have thoroughly peruſed the Spectator, they are by this informed, that the ſpecies of laughter now mentioned, was once accounted an art, in which, he who moſt excelled at a public exhibition, was entitled to a premium; and to prove the advantage of becoming a proficient in this art, (though the leaſt engaging of all kinds of laughter, as before obſerved) I introduce the lover mentioned in the Spectator, who had ever been rejected by the object of his wiſhes, till he appeared on the public ſtage, as a competitor for the prize, where he diſplayed ſuch ingenuity, in the various modulations of his grin, as not only to have ſecured the prize, but alſo the affections of his much admired miſtreſs ——Some few at the preſent day have done wonderfully in polite circles. by the ingenuity of their grin; but as much depends on the form of the face to make the performer appear graceful—I cannot recommend it for general practice. It would be endleſs to fix preciſe rules, by which to apply the different kinds of laughter, at different times and places; but for general practice, laugh freely when politeneſs demands it, without ſtraining or reſtraining; never ſuffering the muſcles of your voice to exceed the animation of your countenance, except out of complaiſance to ſome one at a diſtance. Thus with your face and voices in uniſon, I leave you to complete the work by improvement.

The POLITE PHILOSOPHER.

Meſſrs. PRINTERS,

By inſerting the following, you will much oblige one, and may have two or three hundred of your Customers. A. B.

From the CHRONICLE.

HAVING for more than half a century made attentive obſervations on the ways of men and things concerns

concerns of life, I wish to communicate what may be beneficial to my country.

TO FARMERS.

Firstly, preserve your *Wood*, as it grows scarce even in new towns; if more attention is not paid to this important concern for time to come, in fifty years great part of the people will suffer extremely for want of fuel. I am alarmed at posterity, when I consider how the wood has been lessened in the last forty years. It is high time to plant trees on every part of the lands not otherwise improved—the pastures and mowing lands in general would be the better for many more trees; rows should be planted by all the fences, &c.—Remember time travels fast, and trees grow slow; therefore, ye landholders, up and be doing.

Secondly, To increase your crops, remember often plowing is the same as manure. Increase the growth of *Potatoes*—they have enriched our country—they supply the place of bread, they feed cattle, sheep, hogs, horses and poultry, when boiled. They are a source of wealth to the farmer.

Thirdly, Attend to your *Orchards*. For many years past I seldom see a young nursery of apple-trees; and the old orchards are fast decaying. Attend more to orchards; they will grow in old lands, if well plowed, and due care taken of the trees; in this way old orchards may be renewed.

Fourthly, Keep more *Sheep* on your dry lands, no creatures are so profitable. Every farmer if possible should raise wool and flax sufficient to clothe his family; he that buys the produce of other countries, will have an empty purse.

TO TRADERS.

See that you do not trade too much, by which means many are embarrassed and ruined. Regard truth, honour and punctuality, infinitely more than gain—those will gain.

TO ALL PEOPLE.

Firstly, Those who wish to live happily and in safety, must live within their income.

Secondly, In religion, depart not too hastily from the good old way of your fathers, unless you are well assured a change of sentiment and practice will make you more virtuous and better men.—The heart and life are most to be regarded. When you are told by *free thinkers*, falsely so called, that the *Bible* is no further to be regarded than its precepts accord with your ideas of propriety, and all men will in the life to come be equally happy; pause and consider whether bad men do not suffer in this world for their folly and vices, and you can have no assurance that the same vices will not produce misery in the next. Observation will convince you that those called free thinkers or deists, are not men of deep thought or serious reflection, but are generally giddy, light minds, who think little of eternal concerns.

Thirdly, In politics, as in religion, think and consider well before you act; the pretenders to patriotism are often as hollow hearted as the free thinkers in religion.

ligion, and as dangerous to follow. Do not hastily distrust old friends and faithful rulers, under whose guidance our country has prospered. It is dangerous to make experiments while we are prosperous. Faults in government there always were, and will be, but before we change our rulers, let us consider well, whether we shall not risk more by a change, than we are likely to gain; especially at this time when the world is so dreadfully convulsed, and too many in our country are embracing wild notions in religion and government. Every thing considered, our government is certainly more free, and the people more happy, than any other in the known world. Therefore let us be thankful to GOD, be sober and very deliberate in all our conduct, as it is much easier to destroy than to build up a good government.—Europe presents an awful lesson to America, to be cool, steady, virtuous, and wise, and to preserve our excellent constitutions; to continue, if possible, at peace among ourselves and with the world.

Great God! Pour down a spirit of wisdom and true religion upon the American people, and make them patrons of every virtue, and a praise in the whole earth! Amen. A COUNTRYMAN.

FOR THE STAR

Messrs. PRINTERS,

I HAVE a Bible which I read, believe and practise; a Minister, learned, pious and eloquent, on whose instructions I constantly attend—I have also some pious books and friends. But what then, you will say—has not almost every one these helps to religion? I answer, yes—and therefore I see no great need of your *Moral Repository in the New Star*. When I wish to attend to religion, I go to my heart in meditation, to my God in prayer, to my bible with a teachable temper, &c.—but when I take up one of our weekly publications, I wish for News, Poetry, "the daily line," France, Louisiana, Blount, and the 'Tea-Spoons'—any thing that comes to hand—Anecdotes too, where all the oaths and chaff of the smut are left out—(N. B. in this respect, it must be confessed the NEW STAR as yet shines with a very pure and agreeable lustre)—but the "Moral Repository" I wish omitted, or if continued, that it might be short as possible. If you have no other communications, you may give the following in your next, the place of the

MORAL *REPOSITORY.*

MIND your business—govern your passions—pay your debts;—keep good fences—lend home what you borrow, and be willing to lend. Be industrious in getting, and prudent in spending, and you will grow in riches. Be honest and obliging to your friends and neighbors, and you will grow in wealth in esteem. Be no blasphemer or profane, but soberly religious, and you will grow in the favor of God, and be happy here and forever.

RATIONALIS.

[☞ *As Rationalis wishes our Moral Repository* short as possible, we would thank him to furnish us with a mite *for that department.*]

FROM

FROM THE *FARMER'S WEEKLY MUSEUM.*

Common Senſe, in Diſhabille.

No. X.

Earn induſtriouſly, and ſpend frugally.

THIS is the conſtruction Common Senſe is pleaſed to put upon my laſt week's text. If the interpretation ſeems too rigid, and bears too hard upon your pride or vanity, it is only to qualify you to enter the "little end of the horn," with a good grace, that you may find the cornu copiæ at the other.—Clerical method would divide my lecture into two heads; the diviſion is natural; I will follow it. Firſt; Earn induſtriouſly. When the ſun has begun his daily taſk; expanded the flowers, and ſet all the buſy agents of vegetation to work, if theſe do not afford you a ſufficient ſtimulous to induſtry, walk out to your bee hive: theſe little labourers ſhall preach you a better ſermon againſt indolence than you will often hear from the pulpit. If, after obſerving their activity and economy fifteen minutes, you do not profit by the lecture, let them ſting you for a drone. "Spend prudently." Never lay out more at the tavern, after ſun ſet, than you have earned, before ſun riſe; nor even that, if your laſt year's taxes are not croſſed out from the collector's book. Dreſs in homeſpun three years, and if vanity or decency require, you may wear ſuperfine the fourth.—What folly lays out in ſheep ſkin gloves in ten years, if managed by prudence, might fill a ſmall purſe.—Are not white dollars worth more to a farmer than white hands? If your finances are ſmall, be not ambitious of walking up three pair of ſtairs. A ſecond ſtory has often proved an introduction to the goal. A humble cottage is a good beginning.—Enter at the "little end of the horn" and you may ſee, at the other, an elegant houſe, large enough for the thrifty farmer. Check fancy; exerciſe your judgment; learn her character, find out her diſpoſition, prove her economy—Whoſe? The woman's you intend for a wife. Remember ſhe is to be the ſtew-

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ard of your houſe, the governeſs of your children, and the very key to your ſtrong box.

BANQUET of COMUS.

A Noted rake removing from London into the country, was ſoon ſmitten with the buxom charms of a farmer's daughter, in the neighborhood; wiſhing for an opportunity of being more intimately acquainted; on going from home one evening, left orders with a ſervant to go to the farmer's, and if poſſible, to get his *Laſs over there*—to ſhow her up into the *beſt chamber*—to give her ſomething good to eat and drink, and to keep her there if he could, till he came home. The ſervant being ſome deaf and much careleſs, underſtood his maſter as ſaying the farmer's *Aſs*—— Away therefore he goes, and with many pulls, kicks and entreaties, at length gets the obſtinate long-eared animal to the houſe; with much ado ſhe is mounted up ſtairs—is introduced to the beſt chamber—is complimented with clean water, hay and oats. Late the maſter returned, aſked the ſervant how he had ſucceeded? very well, he replied—ſhe was "ſomewhat loth," but is now up chamber and ſeems contented, without candle or ceremony—(right full of glee) he flights up the ſtairs to taſte thoſe ſweets, with the idea of which he had been ſo infatuated, enters the chamber, made faſt the door, perceiving by the faint light of the window, ſomething to move, which he ſuppoſed to be his charmer—he accoſted her in language ſoothing, yet impaſſioned—aſks the favour of a kiſs, and with eager graſp embraced—*the head of the aſs*, who, affrighted, ſet up a *bray moſt hideous*—Believing it to be no other than the infernal "*Prince of Sott*," he ſcrambled for the door, but dark and in confuſion, he preſently run again againſt the animal, who with rude reſentment and heavy heels, laid him "*low ſprawling*." On the cry of murder! the ſervants with lights ſoon came; when, inſtead of the hideous "*Prince of Sott*," or cheery looking maid, there was, *queer to view*, the large eared animal, before related. "John," exclaimed the affrighted diſconcerted maſter;—"John, you raſcal, did I not tell you to fetch the farmer's *Laſs*?" John ſcratched his head, begged his honor's pardon, ſaying—he really underſtood him *Aſs*, and ſuppoſed he only intended to have ſome *fun* with her, by making an *aſs* of ſomebody elſe.

IN the days of Whitfield, when the country was divided into parties, "old lights" and "new lights," a young preacher was invited for ſome weeks to ſupply a vacant pariſh:—His firſt performances were rational, yet very animated;—ſound doctrines and ſober ſenſe, but yet pointed, pathetic, and zealouſly perſuaſive—the parties were much

much puzzled which ſides themſelves to take, or in which character to view the ſtranger—They made him a formal viſit, and deſired him honeſtly to tell whether he was an *old light* or a *new light?* excellent was the reply, that he was "*an Old Light new ſnuft.*"

A Gentleman having lent a guinea for two or three days, to a perſon whoſe promiſes he had not much faith in, was very much ſurpriſed to find, that he very punctually kept his word with him: the ſame perſon ſome time after was deſirous of borrowing a larger ſum. No, ſaid the other, you have deceived me once, and I am reſolved you ſhall not do it a ſecond time.

SAILORISM.

A LAD from Nantucket, bred to the ſea, when nearly 20 was ſent to college, where by the inceſſant uſe of nautical phraſes, he made himſelf appear very ſingular;—an elder ſtudent ſeriouſly adviſed him that ſuch expreſſions were among ſcholars unintelligible, unfaſhionable, and to his diſadvantage,—and that now he was come to college, he muſt leave them off; with equal ſerioufneſs he replied, that he always intended to leave thoſe phraſes and conform to others, on his coming to college; but ſaid he, "*I have not been* aboard *but three months yet, and have not quite learned the* TRIM *of her.*"

Curious Advertiſement.

Now for a BARGAIN!

TO be ſold for five ſhillings, my Wife, *Jane Herband.*—She is ſtoutly built, ſtands firm on her poſterns, and is ſound wind and limb. She can ſow and reap, hold a plow and drive a team, and would anſwer any ſtout able man, that can hold a tight rein, for ſhe is hard mouthed and head-ſtrong; but if properly managed, would either lead or drive as tame as a rabit. She now and then, if not watched, will make a falſe ſtep. Her huſband parts with her becauſe ſhe is too much for him.—Inquire at No. 6, Petticoat-Lane. N. B. All her body clothes will be given with her."

THE

THE *RIVULET.*

A SONNET.

From Miss Robinson's Vancenza.

THE *chilling gale that nipped the rose,*
Now murmuring sinks to soft repose;
The shadowy vapors sail away,
Upon the silvery clouds of day;
Health breathes on every face, I see,
But ah! she breathes no more on me!

The woodbine waits in odours meek
To kiss the rose's glowing cheek;
Pale twilight leads the vagrant showers
To wake Aurora's infant flowers;
May smiles on every face I get,
But ah! she smiles no more for me!

Perchance, when youth's delicious bloom
Shall fade unheeded in the tomb;
Fate may direct a daughter's eye
To where my mouldering relics lie;
And touched by sacred sympathy,
The eye may drop a tear for me!

Betrayed by love, of hope bereft;
No gentle gleam of comfort left;
Bowed by the hand of sorrow low;
No pitying friend to weep my woe;
Save her, who spared by heaven's decree,
Shall live to sigh and think on me.

Oh! I would wander where no ray
Breaks through the gloom of doubtful day;
There would I court the wintry hour,
The lingering dusk, the midnight shower;
For cold and comfortless shall be
Each future scene, ordained for me!

A WISH.

MINE *be a cot beside the hill,*
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a sail, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
In russet gown, and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point the taper spire to heaven.

EXTEMPORE

ON TWO MAIDEN SISTERS; Betty, the elder, good-humoured, and Jenny, the younger, lean, cross and ugly, but had boasted that she was a TOAST in her youth.

ALAS! poor JENNY, *vain thy boast,*
That in thy youth thou wast a Toast;
A Toast, if ever, thin and dry,
No butter on the Toast would lie;
To BET's *good humour I incline,*
You are the TOAST, *but she's the* WINE.